

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO

CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."



"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.

Vol. 4.

BOSTON, JULY, 1871.

No. 2.

Our Dumb Animals.

Published Monthly by the
**Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals,**
AT THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS,
45 Washington Street Boston.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.

Postage in the city, FREE. To all parts of the United States,
outside of Boston, TWELVE CENTS PER ANNUM for each
package of four ounces, payable in advance, at the office where
received.

Articles for the paper and subscriptions may be sent to the
Secretary.
GEORGE T. ANGELL President.
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THE CURSE OF CRUELTY.

We have had it in contemplation for some time to
take a little space for the considering of an enter-
prise that is now attracting much attention, though
not according to its full value. We speak of cruelty
to animals and the efforts now being made in preven-
tion of it. And not to-day do we take it up because
we feel fully informed upon it, but rather that it
seems a little wrong for us to wait longer before
saying a word, at least, in aid of such a work.

THE LAW OF LOVE.—For ourselves, we fully be-
lieve in the Christian law of love. Not that we
think, in the existing condition of humanity, that the
rule of force can be entirely set aside in any case.
The question of relative strength must, for a long
time yet, involve the whole matter of the success of
conflicting interests, irrespective of the motives or
spiritual temper felt by either party. Yet, in the
meantime, it is not less true that if we make force to
be only a reserved and ultimate resort,—to be availed
of only when every milder remedy has failed,—there
is left a most magnificently ample field in which the
law of kindness is the sole great statute, entitled to
all preeminence. And it is granting liberally to
those who deery all recourse to force and arms, to
admit that this field, with all its openness to the kind
and tender influences they admire, has never yet
been a thousandth part improved.

TANGIBLE RESULTS.—The effort of which we
began to speak is, however, a notable and most en-
couraging sign of a better and more satisfactory ap-
plication of the law of kindness than most that have
preceded it. It is all very well to talk against brutal

feelings, very well to preach goodness of heart, very
well to dilate on the elevation of the human soul by
abstaining from vindictiveness, but all this does not
fully meet the case. People of practical minds, and
thoughts that claim only to be common sense, will be
better satisfied when they see such good notions
brought to some substantial, real work; when they
see them doing some good in the world and produc-
ing tangible valuable results. Hence we think we
see in the effort to shield the brute creation from the
cruelty of man a tendency to practicalize the law of
love, and to put it in force where its uses can be seen
and valued by every one.

No DENIAL.—When we are told to be merciful to
the lower creatures, for God's sake and our own soul's
sake, there is not a word that we can say against it.
No man can claim, it seems to us, that such a plea
can cover any possible mischief. It is plain as the
sunshine, not only that the horse is better for kind
treatment, but that his master is just so much better
for giving it. The advocates of kindness have the
best of the argument at every point. They say these
are defenceless creatures, over whom God has given
us almost absolute lordship, and it is a breach of
trust and duty to cause them to suffer. No one can
deny it. They tell us the animal tribes have neither
strength nor reason by which they can do us harm,
and if we injure them it is a cowardly assault on the
weak. Who can say no? They declare that the
merciful shall obtain mercy, and the Saviour says
the same.

There seems no way to get round it. The duty of
kindness to the lower creatures almost enforces itself.
It would, indeed, do so but for the indolence or bad
passions of man, bringing in false impulses and tran-
sient motives, whose results appear in the tortured
horse, the slop-poisoned cow, the over-driven and
fainting sheep, the calf bled to death by inches, the
fowls plucked alive, the game-bird shot in the midst
of her brood. In all these cases there is some bad
motive to account for the abuse; it never arises from
any good one. The preachers of kindness have
clearly the right, and we cannot see how any man,
unless he be as bad as a cannibal or as stupid as a
Digger Indian, can fail for a moment to admit that
all this abuse of animal life and comfort is wrong,
and that every honest effort for its suppression ought
to be sustained.

WHAT IS DOING.—There is not the full acknowl-
edgement yet given to this enterprise that its nature
and utility demand and deserve. Extensive efforts

are being made to draw attention to the subject in
ways more effectual than heretofore, and in such
efforts we are very glad to lend whatever of help we
can. Every day, almost, some new development of
the evil is made, and some new abuse stripped and
exposed, showing the people how the violation of
their duty in this thing is almost sure to return in
curses upon them. The advocates of the system of
mercy are not mere romancers, like the Brahmin
who swept the flies from his path. They preach a
gospel of health to man as well as of good to the
beast, and for us, we are willing to be among their
listeners, and to try to learn from them.—Lynn Tran-
script.

HOW TO DO IT.—Clergymen and schoolmasters
are particularly well qualified to instil into the
minds of the young principles of kindness to animals,
which they might do through timely exhortation,
diffusion of pictures of animals, and by the preven-
tion of robbing nests, keeping birds in cages, transfix-
ing beetles and butterflies, killing toads, drowning
puppies and kittens and the witnessing the dying
agonies of slaughtered animals by children. It is
equally possible to implant in the minds of adults
ideas favorable to the kind treatment of animals by
the founding of societies for their protection, by
popular lectures on the injuries sustained from in-
sects, and on the benefits derived from birds, and by
encouraging the placing of artificial nests in old
trees, on branches, &c., and the establishment of col-
onies of birds on woody precipices and other suitable
places. Advantage has also to be taken of the press,
such as the daily papers, the agricultural periodicals,
and, above all, the almanacs. Where education, in-
struction and example are in vain, recourse must be
had to the law. Moses was the first to make a law
for the protection of animals (Deut. xxii. 6). Ma-
homet followed this example. All governments
ought to make laws for the protection of animals
from cruelty and to prevent the wanton destruction
of such as are useful to man.—Herr Meier, *Animal
World*.

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE ACT.—One pound of gold
may be made into a wire that would extend around
the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all
time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though
done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last of
a long life, and form the brightest and most glorious
spot in it.

FAITH knows there are no impossibilities with
God, and will trust him when it cannot trace him.

CAN A BIRD REASON?

"Birds build their nests by instinct. They do not build them now any better than they did a thousand years ago," &c., &c.

The above very dogmatical and very positive assertion may be found *verbatim et literatim* in a certain once popular school-book. * * * Yet that it is true that animals are not unfrequently guided in the most manifest manner by reason, and that birds do, at least some of them, build their nests a great deal better now than they did much less than one thousand years ago, we are prepared to maintain as demonstrable and indubitable. * * * We propose to show, by a very brief essay of facts, that we have here, in North America, an entire family of birds, all of whose members, with hardly an exception, have undergone or are now undergoing complete change of habit since this country was settled by the white man. They have, all of them, been taught to avail themselves of the society, protection and aid of man, and they all now build their nests in a manner very different from, and in many respects greatly superior to, that in which they were enabled to build before the dwellings of civilization appeared on this continent.

SWALLOWS.

I refer, of course, to the swallow family, in which are included, besides the true swallows, the martins and the "bank-swallows," or "sand-martins," as they are sometimes called.

The most common and best known to us of New England is the so-called "barn-swallow." Of the general habits of this graceful and beautiful bird our space will not permit us to give our readers any details further than relate to its entire change of habits caused by the settlement of the country. * * * Even now, among the caverns of the Pacific Coast Range, and in the wilder limestone countries, where various openings occur among the rocky cliffs, there the original, unchanged swallow may still be found plastering his simple mud-nest against the cavern's roof or under some projecting ledge. But everywhere else these birds have been taught and educated into a new life by contact with civilized man. * * * Now, everywhere in warm and comfortable barns, under the shelter of hospitable roofs, these swallows build their curiously elaborated homes.

IMPROVED NESTS.

And what an improvement they all are upon the structure of the wild, untaught swallow! Not the least remarkable peculiarity is a projecting solid platform built out on the edge of the nest, upon which the affectionate husband attends and watches over his partner in her maternal duties. Is this all instinct? Is it not rather a high order of self-educating reason, in plain and cogent contradiction of the old dogma we have quoted? * * *

Now, all over our continent, from Pennsylvania to the Arctic seas and from Newfoundland to Oregon, swallows abound about the dwellings of man. We know of no authentic record of their breeding thus upon houses within the limits of New England before 1837, though De Witt Clinton found one pair thus breeding at White Hall, on an outbuilding near a tavern, in 1817. * * * We have said that originally their nest, when built in exposed places, was like the retort of the chemist, the entrance from below through a long tubular opening. This was a necessity for protection against the weather, and also against their enemies, so long as they nested in exposed places. But since these birds have placed themselves under the protection of man, they have found that there is no longer any need of all this superfluous architecture, and the shape of their nests has been gradually simplified and improved. In 1851, on one of the islands in the Bay of Fundy, the writer met with a large colony whose nests, on the side of a barn, were placed between two projecting boards put up for them by the friendly proprietor. The very first year they occupied these convenient quarters every one of these sensible swallows built nests open at the top, discarding the old patriarchal domes and narrow entrances of their forefathers. How much of instinct was there in this instantaneous change of habit? Not a particle, say we. It was pure, unadulterated reason, and nothing else.—*T. M. Brewer, in Atlantic Monthly.*

WORK.

Down and up, and up and down,

Over and over and over;

Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;

Turn out the bright red clover.

Work, and the sun your work will share,

And the rain in its time will fall;

For Nature, she worketh everywhere,

And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,

Dress the ground and till it;

Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;

Turn out the golden millet.

Work, and your house shall be duly fed;

Work, and rest shall be won;

I hold that a man had better be dead

Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,

On the hill-top, low in the valley;

Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,

Turn out the rose and lily.

Work with a plan, or without a plan,

And your ends they shall be shaped true;

Work, and learn at first hand, like a man—

The best way to know is to do!

Down and up, till life shall close,

Ceasing not your praises;

Turn in the wild white winter snows,

Turn out the sweet, wild daisies.

Work, and the sun your work will share,

And the rain in its time will fall;

For Nature, she worketh everywhere,

And the grace of God through all.

ALICE CARY.

EUROPE vs AMERICA.

Animals in Europe are more sympathized with than in America. I see no over-driven horses, no unsheltered cattle, no cracking away at birds with old blunderbusses, just for the sport of seeing the feathers flutter. When, on the 12th of August, all England and Scotland go a grouse-hunting, and Perth and Aberdeen and Inverness and Chatsworth are shaken with a continuous bang of sportsmen, there is no cruelty. It is an honest lift of the gun, a fair look across the barrel, a twitch of the forefinger of the right hand, a flash, and game for dinner at Peacock Inn or Elephant and Castle.

You see more animals in bronze and stone in Europe than in the United States. If young Americans, wanting quills to write with, have plucked the American eagle, till, featherless, and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions; the entrances of houses flanked with lions; the signs of stores adorned with lions. Fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal.

European horses look better satisfied than American. They either have more fodder or less drive. The best kept horses I ever found are in Antwerp. I saw but one lean nag in that city, and that one I think was an emigrant just arrived. When good American horses die, they go to Antwerp!—*Rev. T. D. Talmage.*

The flashy owner of a crow-bait span was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of—Condition Powder and all other specifics; but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh. A stable-boy of Irish persuasion, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked: "Did yees iver try corn?"

THE reign of good principle in the soul carries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
SWANS DO SING.

MR EDITOR:—In the last number of your paper, a writer asks the question, "Can it be that swans ever sing?" And he replies, "It must be that all the swans we have ever seen were deaf and dumb. None of them were ever heard to attempt a roundelay during their lives, and we feel sure that they will die and give no sign. * * * It concerns us to know whence they have gained their musical reputation."

In answer to the above, you have given the testimony of another person, that he "has often heard them singing."

Ancient writers often allude, both in prose and verse, to the singing of the swan. Dr. Thomas Brown says, "From great antiquity, the musical note of swans hath been commended. It was the bird of Apollo, the god of music by the Greeks; and the hieroglyphic of music among the Egyptians; hath been the affirmation of many Latins, and hath not wanted asserters from almost every nation." Aristotle tells us that swans are canorous, especially at the end of life, and that they pass over the sea singing." A celebrated Latin author says that "he often heard swans singing in the Lake of Mantua as he rowed up and down in a boat." Virgil speaks of "the tuneless swans." Another author says, "When death calls, lying amid the moist grass in the shallows of the winding Menanda, the white swan sings its dying song."

Ossian makes them singing birds; also the German poet Herder and the English poet Chaucer. Shelley and Tennyson speak of the dying swan that soars and sings. Col. Hawker has printed some bars of the domesticated wild swan's melody. Goldsmith says the wild swan's note is "extremely loud."

It is highly improbable, and hardly possible, that such authors as we have named should have been wholly deceived in regard to the true answer to the question, "Can it be that swans ever sing?" But we are not left to conjecture in relation to the musical faculty of the bird which Goldsmith calls "the most beautiful object in nature." Thousands of living witnesses attest to the fact that wild swans sing. Rev. Mr. Harbaugh, of Penn., in a very interesting work on "The Birds of the Bible" says, "In our boyhood we often saw swans sail high in the blue air and heard them while flying breathe forth melodious notes, of a somewhat mournful kind, not unlike the plaintive coo of the turtle dove." A friend at my elbow, who has seen innumerable flocks of swans, confirms the testimony of Mr. Harbaugh, and asserts from knowledge recently obtained, that swans do sing.

P. H. S.

GREENWOOD, July, 1871.

CHILDREN'S JEWELS.

We have received from an earnest friend of the cause some lines which we cannot publish at length, telling the story of the sufferings of "Poor Charley," who had been left by a cruel master at the roadside "to perish with hunger and cold." Some happy children, "full of sunshine, and beauty, and gladness," discovered him there, offered him food and covered him with their garments. But in vain; he died.

"Then the children walked slowly and softly,

Thinking sadly their labor was vain;

But the angels had woven, with music,

Their acts in a heavenly strain.

Turned their tears into gems of adornment,

Made a picture most fair to behold;

For the love and the pity that moved them,

Were richer than silver and gold." H. N. H.

MAN'S INTERFERENCE.—There is no creature which does not sensibly exhibit in its own fashion its sportive propensities, and this general happiness of brutes is at once an unalterable testimony that their Maker designed them to be happy, and that those who interfere unnecessarily with their tranquillity are turning what was meant to be a beneficent rule into a hateful tyranny.—*Rowell.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HOW JACK SAVED TWO GIRLS.

A gentleman living at Boston Highlands had a dog named Jack, part setter, part bloodhound—a good-natured fellow, who returns with interest all the love bestowed on him. But he is quick to resent an insult,—a trait so human that it does not please boys, grown up or otherwise, who delight to tease and insult those, brute or human, who cannot or dare not protect themselves.

One day Jack felt that he had endured enough from a certain errand boy who frequented the house. It was afterwards ascertained that he had been whipped that morning, for no other reason than that he was a dog and could not tell of it. Nature having denied him speech, he could not beg the boy to stop hissing at him or poking him with a stick, so the boy left with a scratch on his hand and a torn jacket-sleeve. Had it been a man, insulted in such a manner, the verdict would have been "served him right," but as it was a dog who could not tell of his provocation, the verdict was, "kill him." The owner decided that Jack must be sent away for safe keeping, although he felt sad to part with him, as he would miss his caress on his return home from business. In a few days he was domiciled in the house of a friend in Watertown, and here, as formerly, he was faithful to his trust. He loved the children, and although they sometimes played roughly, he showed no resentment, for he knew they loved him.

A few weeks since the eldest daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, went into the woods with another girl about her own age in search of mosses and flowers. Jack went with them, and as they strolled farther and farther away from road and houses, it never occurred to them that there could be any one there base enough to molest them. They had not read of the sad tragedy of Bussey's woods. But two men, who had been watching them, each seized one by the arm and commenced to drag them farther into the dense underbrush. When one of the girls cried out to the dog, "Save me, Jack," he did not wait for the second appeal, but sprang upon one of the ruffians, tearing his clothes into shreds and lacerating his flesh, till he was forced to cry out for his companion to come and help kill the dog. But Jack was not destined to die then, for as the other grasped him by the collar to choke him it broke, and the faithful dog, seeming to understand it was a matter of life or death, fought with such fury that every grip of his teeth brought blood from the lacerated flesh of one or the other of the ruffians, until they finally broke away, and with oaths and curses sought safety in flight. One of the girls ran frantically toward home, the other was so overcome by fright that she only crept along slowly. So Jack divided his time in going a little ways with one and then going back to see if the other were safe. When the first had reached her home he returned to the other and walked slowly by her side till she did not need his protection.

"Well, Jack, what is to be your fate when those sharp teeth that saved two beautiful little girls become dull, your eyes less bright and your usefulness is gone?" Will the winter's blast find you uncared for, cold, hungry, dying a lingering death from want, or will you be carefully warmed and fed? That you may enjoy the latter is your master's wish, and mine.

EMMA CARRA.

BIRD-LOVE LESSONS.—Birds manifest a feeling, sentiment, and poetry in their language during the spring-time of life.

Is it not the power of love—that sublime exaltation of the heart, that strong impulse of our being—which renders the most feeble strong, the most simple intelligent, and carries the sacred fire into the imagination of the dullest mind? Love is winged. The bird is all wing and all tenderness. With the joyousness of his songs, his sweet warblings and the trembling of his wings, he comes to reproach us with our falsehood, our coldness, our mean selfishness, our miserable calculations, and our broken faith. He enters our dwellings, establishes himself in our gardens, instals himself under our roofs, to repeat to us, from morning till evening, "Love, love, love, you must love each other; you must always love each other."—*Intelligence of Animals.*

RANGER.

A little boat in a cove,
And a child there fast asleep,
Floating out on a wave.

Out to the perilous deep,—
Out to the living waters,
That brightly dance and gleam,
That dart their foam about him,
To wake him from his dream.

He rubs his pretty eyes,
He shakes his curly head,
And says, with great surprise,
"Why, I'm not asleep in bed!"
The boat is rising and sinking
Over the sailors' graves;
And he laughs out, "Isn't it nice,
Playing see-saw with the waves?"

Alas! he little thinks
Of the grief on the far-off sands,
Where his mother trembles and shrinks,
And his sister wrings her hands,
Watching in speechless terror,
The boat and the flaxen head.
Is there no hope of succor?

Must they see him drowned or dead?

They see him living now,
Living and jumping about:
He stands on the giddy prow,
With a merry laugh and shout.
Oh! spare him! spare him! spare him!
Spare him, thou cruel deep!
The child is swept from the prow,
And the wild waves dance and leap.

They run to the edge of the shore,
Then stretch out their arms to him:
Knee deep they wade and more,
But, alas! they cannot swim.
Their pretty, pretty darling!
His little hat floats by;
They see his frightened face,
They hear his drowning cry.

Something warm and strong
Dashes before them then,
Hairy and curly and strong,
And brave as a dozen men;
Bounding, panting, gasping,
Rushing straight as a dart;
Ready to die in the cause,
A dog with a loyal heart.

He fights with the fighting sea,
He grandly wins his prize!
Mother! he brings it thee,
With triumph in his eyes.
He brings it thee, O mother!
His burden, pretty and pale;
He lays it down at thy feet,
And wags his honest old tail.

O dog, so faithful and bold!
O dog, so tender and true!
You shall wear a collar of gold,
And a crown, if you like it, too.

* * * * *
O Ranger, do just what you choose,
Old friend, so gallant and dear!
What churl would dare refuse
To drink your health with a cheer?
Old friend, in love and honor
Your name shall be handed down,
And children's hearts shall beat
At the tale of your renown.

THE more the diamond is cut, the more it sparkles;
the heavier the cross is, the heavier is the saint's crown.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE COMPANION CAT AND RAT.

"The lion and the lamb shall lie down together."
Is this more wonderful than that the cat and the rat shall lie down together, and eat from the same dish together?

Let me relate to you what actually occurred a short time since, wherein a cat became a true member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and put to blush a human being.

My cousin was much plagued by rats; they were so troublesome that every method was used to exterminate them. One day the cook thought she would try to scald them, and, watching her opportunity, threw a pail of scalding water, which covered the back of one, taking the hair and a portion of the skin off,—but he was enabled to reach his hiding place. Some days afterward a rat was seen eating from the same dish with the cat, having no hair upon its back and appearing quite feeble. The cook called the attention of her mistress to the fact and told the story of her throwing the scalding water some days before, and that the rats had ceased to be troublesome since.

Time rolled on, and it became quite an amusement to the family to watch for the coming of the rat and the eating of its regular meals with the cat, and the little gambols indulged in together after eating.

In the course of the summer the family went on a visit and closed their house for a few months, but made provision for the favorite cat, that she should stay with a relative in the same town.

Upon their return in the fall they called upon their relative for the cat, as the house was much infested with rats, and learned from them that soon after they had left, an ugly-looking rat without any hair on its back made its appearance and used to eat with the cat,—till one day one of the family killed it. Since that time they couldn't get the cat to eat anything, and she wouldn't stop in the house, but had gone to a neighbor's. They caught her several times and brought her back, but she wouldn't remain with them.

My cousin after hearing the particulars became much interested, and chided herself for her thoughtlessness in not letting her relative know the curious story of the rat while making provision for the care of her cat. She went to the neighbor, but the cat would take no notice of her. She persevered and took the cat to her old home, but the cat wouldn't stay—off she would run to the neighbor she had selected as her friend. They got the daintiest food they could select, coaxed and petted her, kept the doors closed and did everything they could to win back her confidence; but she wouldn't eat or taste a thing in the house, and they finally gave up in despair and allowed her to have her own way.

They never could get that cat to notice any one of the family or to come to the house again. Was this instinct? Was it reason? Was it a type of chivalry and grandeur in the brute not yet recognized by man?

Boston, 1871.

C. A. B.

BIRDS, THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.—Some persons do not weigh the good against the bad in the condemnation they pronounce upon the little servants who wait so assiduously upon them. There are would-be-wise people among us who say, "Why, they are only birds. We cannot attend to them except to destroy them. Let us plough and sow, and reap and market our produce, and leave trifles like these alone." Ah! but they are not trifles. These are active, industrious helpers of the intelligent agriculturist. Many a bright pound finds its way into his pocket which, but for their unrequited labor, would never get there. It would be fruitless to attempt to appraise their labors at a money value. No money could buy services like theirs. The sharpest of human eyes and the nimblest of human fingers would bungle the work, indeed, beside these persevering and laborious toilers.—*North of England Farmer.*

BEHOLD the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.—*Matthew, chapter six.*

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, July, 1871.

CIRCULAR

FROM THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE STATE FAIR FOR OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

To be held in Boston during the two weeks after Thanksgiving.

Referring to the previous circulars issued by the Society, announcing the Fair and showing the basis of its work, the Executive Committee desire to say that they hope every town in Massachusetts, through members of the General Committee, will make contributions to this Fair.

In addition to the usual fancy articles, the Committee hope to receive the various products of the soil, fruit, vegetables and grain, and all kinds of manufactured articles.

To enable farmers and others to contribute at harvest time, or when most convenient to them, arrangements have been made to receive produce forwarded at any time during the summer and autumn.

The proceeds will be credited to the towns from which they are received; the names of the donors to be published at the conclusion of the Fair.

Every producer who remembers how largely he is dependent upon animals, and for whose labor he pays only "board and lodging," will gladly contribute something to promote their comfort and welfare, and to punish those who cruelly use or abuse them.

In obedience to a very strong public sentiment, the Executive Committee have

Voted, That no article shall be disposed of by "raffle," or by "voting," and that no goods shall be sold "on commission," and all at fair market prices.

Transportation to Boston will be provided by the Executive Committee.

Goods should be marked, "*Fair for Our Dumb Animals, Boston.*" Address, "*Executive Committee, Box 1711, Boston,*" or at office, 46 Washington Street. In behalf of the Committee,

PATRICK T. JACKSON, *Chairman,*
WM. HOWELL REED, *Secretary,*
FRANK B. FAY,

Committee on Circular.

Boston, July 10, 1871.

WHY ARE NOT THE STREET FOUNTAINS ALL OPEN?

Because our society were instrumental in inducing the city government to establish these fountains, the public suppose we have some control of them, and the above question has been addressed to us many times in the last two months. It has troubled us quite as much as the public, and repeated efforts have been made by individual directors, by the secretary, and finally by the president and a committee of the board.

The water board answer, first, that the water in Lake Cochituate is three feet lower than last year, when so much anxiety was felt at the short supply, and they do not feel at liberty to open more of the fountains, as now constructed, under present circumstances. But they are trying experiments with self-adjusting fountains, which, if successful, will result in a great saving of water and still answer all the purposes of the public. The new watering trough in State Street seems to operate well, and we hope ere long to see the improvement introduced throughout the city, so that all may equally enjoy the blessing of these fountains.

TEN DOLLARS.—A lady gave the Secretary ten dollars as a donation, at the first meeting at Horticultural Hall. He lost the memorandum of the name of the lady. Will she furnish it, that we may send a certificate and our paper.

OUR FAIR

Progresses most successfully. We have been surprised at the earnestness shown in various parts of the State. In another column is a circular from the Executive Committee giving some valuable suggestions.

They have found it necessary to enlarge the General Committee to one thousand, so numerous have been the names suggested, and yet a very large number of towns are not represented. But names are coming in every day. On this account we delay the publication of the full list till our next paper, which will not be issued till August 15.

PAPERS TO GENERAL COMMITTEE.

As a ready means to apprise the General Committee of the purposes of the society and of the progress of the fair, we propose to send our paper free for the remainder of the year to each member of the committee who does not receive it as a subscriber, member, or otherwise.

LUMBER WAGONS AND BRICK TEAMS.—More complaints are made for overloaded lumber wagons and poor horses on brick teams than almost any other class of cases. These complaints are general and not special. If parties bring us evidence we act upon it. If lumber dealers and owners of brickyards would look to this they would avoid criticism and prosecution. In the meantime, we endeavor to educate them.

NAHANT.—On narrow roads like that at Nahant Beach, animals may be often relieved from heavy pulling by lighter teams turning out for heavily loaded ones.

"THEY KNOW MORE THAN THEIR DRIVER" was our exclamation the other day as we noticed the driver of a heavily loaded horse-car endeavoring to induce his horses to start. He had stopped directly upon a wide, smooth crossing. They refused to start, and seemed to be "balky," but they knew that with no foothold the attempt would only throw them upon their knees. After awhile the passengers had the sense to push the car forward a little, and as soon as the horses' feet struck the pavement, they readily and willingly started off with the car.

HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

A correspondent suggests the establishment, near Boston, of a home and hospital, to which all kinds of sick, overworked and lost animals can be sent to receive proper care and medical treatment. Our correspondent wishes the law to make compulsory the removal of all this class of animals to such an institution. The time will come, doubtless, when this suggestion will be adopted, but neither our treasury or public sentiment is yet quite prepared for it.

The Royal Society in London have a "home for lost and starving dogs," by which, in 1870, about one thousand dogs were restored to their owners or provided with homes. Philadelphia has a dog-shelter, under care of the Women's Branch Society, which is doing great good by restoring lost dogs, or by humanely killing them. We are often asked to open one here, but there is less need of it than in other cities, as our people do not have "hydrophobia fever" as they do in Philadelphia, and our "dog license law" reduces the number very much, by making it expensive to keep them.

But these subjects do not escape our attention, and our work will increase with our ability to do it.

AMERICAN (N. Y.) SOCIETY.

Mayor Hall, of New York City, has issued a letter to the police denying the right of Mr. Bergh to stop the cars on the public streets to remove disabled horses.

The mayor admits the very great services of Mr. Bergh and his philanthropic intentions, but contends that "this stoppage of vehicles on thoroughfares proves an inconvenience to pedestrians and a detention of hundreds upon hundreds of passengers."

He suggests procuring a warrant in the usual manner, and advises that the police assist him in making arrests.

We have seen only the conclusion of Mr. Bergh's reply which is as follows:—

"I would not inconvenience any one in the discharge of my duty to the law and to these lowly servants of ours; and if it be the opinion of my fellow-citizens that my removal from the sphere of these self-imposed, and most onerous labors, would inure to their advantage, or to that of the creature whose sufferings first prompted such action, no one would acquiesce more readily than I; but, as this duty is an affair of conscience, no official or public protest or clamor should mislead me from the exercise of exact justice; and, therefore, I shall remain at my post and fight the 'battle of the brutes' until that day shall arrive—which I trust may never dawn—when the people of this State shall command me to desist."

The annual report of this society has just come to hand, which shows three hundred and twelve convictions during the past year, and four times as many offences admonished and reprimanded. Whole number of convictions in five years, 1,068.

We notice that the convictions for "driving disabled horses," and for "overloading," have increased from year to year, and amount to two-thirds the whole number, while it is not so with complaints for "beating."

The charter of the society has been amended to provide for holding the property bequeathed by Louis Bonard, which bequest is contested in the courts by parties interested.

HORSES IN STABLE LOFTS.—A recent fire in a livery stable, where several horses were burned to death, has renewed the suggestion that it is wrong to keep horses in the upper story of stables, where it is almost impossible to rescue them in case of fire. There is no law bearing on the case, but there is a large humanity in the suggestion.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

We have heretofore called attention to a series of children's books, beautifully illustrated, especially calculated to encourage love for and kindness to animals. They are written by Mary Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Shirley Hibberd, Revs. F. O. Morris and T. Jackson. They are published by S. W. Partridge & Co., London, and are for sale by Lee and Shepard. The cuts which have appeared in our paper during the last year were taken from these books, the plates being kindly loaned us by the publishers.

In addition to the above, the same firm have recently issued "Our Duty to Animals" by Mrs. Chas. Bray. It is a school-book containing "simple lessons intended to help the teacher to give such regular and systematic instruction on the nature of our most familiar animals, and of our consequent duties toward them."

We commend it entirely, and trust all the books will find ready sale.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

A REITERATED PLEA FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT "GO INTO THE COUNTRY."

I wish the excellent little article in June number of "Our Dumb Animals" entitled, "What shall we do with our cat?" could be read by the hundreds of families who will close their houses the coming season, and some of whom I fear will leave "kitty" to shift for herself outside the house or "leave her in the cellar to catch the rats and mice!" It seems but a small matter, perhaps, to bring before your large-hearted society, but because it is so large-hearted we venture to add one more plea for a small animal, certainly, but one, unfortunately, very tenacious of life. Is not the neglect "to provide proper food and shelter" even for a cat a violation of one of our excellent laws?

But the great mistake is that far too many kittens are permitted to live. "Oh, it is so pretty! it is so cunning to see them play together!" or, "I'll just keep one for baby to play with!" and then, when their playful days are over, they are turned into the street or taken out to be "lost" or dropped, as a neighborly offering, over some garden fence! Many such "donations" have we received from tender-hearted (?) souls who could not bear to drown a kitten! Now, Mr. Editor, I am a venerable spinster who has had twenty-five years' experience in "pets," from the horse down to cats and canaries, and speak knowingly when I say that it is more humane to drown all the kittens before they are twenty-four hours old—better for both mother and kittens. After that time the cat becomes strongly attached to them, and, of course, for the kittens, the sooner they are drowned the less they suffer.

With "Humanity," I hope the time will come when homeless cats, whose name is "legion," will be in some speedy way put out of their misery, and those that are owned, will not only be kindly cared for when the family is at home, but their wants provided for while they are absent, for "kitty" is not a very wise animal in finding a home for herself.

AUNT DOLLY.

Another correspondent writes of a method she had noticed which had been adopted for the last seven years in carrying a favorite cat to the seashore and back:—

"The cat was covered with what appeared to be a long white cloak such as infants wear, but which, in fact, was a bag sewed up squarely at the bottom and fastened nicely about the cat's neck, preventing all accidents by securing her paws, yet having ample room to move them in any direction."

A MODEL DRAYMAN.

I wish to call the attention of the society to a drayman by the name of John Kelly, who has a stand at No 14 Custom-house Street. Mr. Kelly has been a drayman in Boston for thirty years past, and under my observation for fully twelve years, and it gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to his kindness and care of his splendid horse. Mr. Kelly is a model drayman: his horse, always fat and sleek, left in the shade when hot, in the sun when cold; covered with a rubber in rain and a blanket to keep him warm in cold weather. He never whips or shouts at his horse; man and beast appear to be on the most friendly terms with each other.

Should some of the officers of the society call on him, it would gladden his honest face, and might exert a good influence on other draymen in the neighborhood. Very truly, yours. J. L. B.

A BETTER law has been introduced into the legislature of the new territory of Columbia, formerly Washington, D. C., but no action has been taken upon it.

CONVENIENT FORM OF BEQUEST.—I hereby give and bequeath to the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, incorporated 1868, the sum of —, and the receipt of the treasurer of said society shall be a good and valid discharge to my executors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR:—The people here are, to a great extent, entirely indifferent to the cause for which your Society is working; many will not believe that any cruelty exists, although the better classes, as a general rule, treat their own animals kindly. They seem to care little how others are treated. The fact that in the year 1870 there were only three prosecutions for cruelty to animals, shows the want of feeling upon the subject, when our streets are so often the scenes of the most brutal treatment of horses, oxen and other animals. Still our people are kind and charitable in many ways, and if their sympathies could be aroused in this matter, would, I think, acquit themselves creditably, both in regard to the Fair and in stopping abuses here. But as most movements to be successful must be popular, it seems to me necessary that some person of more influence and ability than myself should be selected to start the thing here.

Let our friend keep up good heart. An earnest purpose will finally triumph. All good causes are of slow growth. Let the cases of cruelty be reported to our agent, and if he does not act upon good evidence, we will see that another is appointed.—[Ed.]

"That's the Right Way!"

A correspondent from the western part of the State writes thus:—

"I recently saw standing in front of an office in this place one single and one double team,—large, sleek, fine-looking steeds.

"Now this being an exception to the general rule of teaming in this section (and I am afraid it is so 'all over'), I stopped to look upon so fine a sight. Suddenly those six fine-pointed horse-ears were directed towards the office door, where a fine old gentleman appeared, with one hand in his coat pocket, and the other put forth to caress the noble beasts.

"Each horse was called by name, patted, conversed with, then given an apple. This process was repeated three times, when, with the greatest pride and apparent satisfaction, the teams went off about their business.

"As you may well suppose, I went directly into the office and had a talk with the owner. I found that what we preach has been his practice for many years."

A correspondent says:—

"I am happy to say, that I saw no cruelty at Nassau but what comes from the belief, so almost universal among the lower orders of people—that animals are not susceptible to pain like ourselves.

"When I remonstrated against the custom (common everywhere South) of bringing turkeys and chickens to market with their heads downward and their feet tied, I would be met with a good-natured smile and display of ivory. 'Why, they doesn't mind it, missis, it doesn't hurt them.' And once, unfortunately, when I asked 'How would you like to have your feet tied together all day and be left in the sun?' 'Shouldn't like it, missis, but I isn't a turkey,' which undeniable fact was received with shouts of laughter from the whole array of vendors at the market.

"Instruction is needed everywhere, among the uneducated, that animals suffer pain like ourselves.

"The little negro Arabs in their illiness are prone to torment the poor dogs, who seem innumerable, but the magic word 'police,' of whom they have a wholesome fear, had a most salutary effect. I was glad to find I could be authorized to make any complaint to the police, in regard to any cruelty, and an arrest would follow forthwith.

"I hope I scattered some seeds of good there, by distributing numbers of 'Our Dumb Animals' and keeping the subject of humanity to all the dumb creation open for discussion and wonderment among the negroes."

I regard your society as an efficient assistant to the church. It is the Christian spirit carried out to its legitimate results in this direction. I consider your paper a valuable agent in encouraging a merciful and

benignant disposition in the hearts of the rising generation.

When mankind learn to extend the Christian spirit to the brute creation, they will be more disposed to practice it toward each other.

I think Christ's mission extends beyond mankind, even in a certain sense to the dumb creatures, near whom he drew his first breath in this sin-burdened world, according to the ancient story.

When his spirit is carried out toward the earth it will bloom in beauty and yield abundant increase. When it is carried out towards the animals, they will lose many of their vicious propensities, and imagination need scarcely stretch to conceive the lion and the lamb lying-down together, and the little child leading them, even literally.

A GOOD SUGGESTION TO RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.—It is suggested that your society might join with the express and trucking companies of the city in requesting the railroad companies to grade the ground along the sides of their freight depots, so that on the outward side, where loaded teams back up, the ground may slope towards the building; and on the inward side may slope away from it, so that loaded teams may start with ease. The difficulty of draining properly on the outward side could be easily overcome. COM.

A LADY who had been examining one of the bound copies of our first three volumes thus writes:—

It is interesting to me to be enabled thus to follow from the very beginning the interests and growth of the society it represents. "The more broadcast the seed is sown" the greater the harvest. Let this little paper go to every town in the State; plainly setting forth what the society has done and what it would do.

BLEEDING CALVES IN COUNTRY TOWNS.—Reports come to us that the custom of bleeding calves before sending them to market is still practised in country towns, although at Brighton it has almost ceased. Our evidence is not yet definite, but, in the meantime, will our country agents investigate the matter in their several localities, and make prosecutions if cases are found?

PICKING LIVE DUCKS.

[Answer to Correspondents in "Hearth and Home."]

You are mistaken in supposing it to be a general custom in this country to pick feathers from live ducks yearly, for it only prevails in certain localities. Ducks are not as well calculated to endure the loss of feathers as geese, for they take to the water to get a great part of their living, while geese graze. In instances where it is practised, the ducks do not appear to suffer in health, according to their owners' statements, but of course it must be expected that persons will be slow to condemn their own acts as cruel. It strikes us, on the whole, that there are better ways of earning a living than by plucking live ducks.

Will somebody tell us where picking live ducks or geese is practised? We would like to have the question tested in the courts, whether such a practice is cruel; and if an instance can be found in this State, we will see that it is brought to trial at once.—[Ed.]

SUN-BONNETS for team horses are used by a few thoughtful teamsters, and seem to contribute much to the animals' comfort.

No REPORT has reached us of the result on the bill in Connecticut legislature.

I would
Make me within the universal chain
A link, whereby
There shall have been accomplished some slight gain
For men and women, when I come to die.
ALICE CART.

BIRDS ROBBING CHILD'S NESTS!!



Children's Department.

Boys! The next time you start out to rob a bird's nest think of this picture and try to think how your parents would feel if some monster bird should swoop down, clench their talons in your hair and fly off. How would you feel about that time? Do you not suppose the fathers and mothers of young birds and the young birds themselves have similar suffering when boys rob their nests?

A Little Boy's First Composition on Cruelty to Animals.

I have seen a great many men strike horses because they won't pull, when the poor horses are tired and sweaty. Men whip them, because they will not pull a great heavy load, over a steep hill. Some men will not let their horses stop, and rest when they are tired. They sometimes make horses go without anything to eat, because they will not do what the men want them to do. Horses need to eat as well as men. Out at Brighton they sell old horses by putting some kind of poison in their feed, to make them appear fat, so as to make money on them. The horse-car horses are used when they are lame, to pull whatever number of persons may get on the car. There are a great many boys that delight to worry cats and dogs to death. They take them by the tail, and beat them against a brick-wall, so that it kills them. Some will hurt them badly, so that they go a week or more suffering and in a painful condition. Others delight in robbing birds-nests to get the eggs and the young-ones in the nests. Boys will shoot and fire stones at them for fun, but I can see no fun in cruelty to animals.

Treat animals kindly and they will give us their love; teach them kindly, and they will give us their service.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

"The Oxen."

BY C. F. BERRY.

See the patient oxen toiling
Up that long and tedious hill
Never angry—never weary
Yielding to their master's will.
Toiling—toiling—ever toiling
From the rising of the sun
With no respite from their labors
'Till their weary task is done.
Oft with burdens overloaded,
Yet how patiently they toil
In the days of early spring time
Ploughing up the hardened soil.
In the autumn see them bearing
Precious load of golden corn,
In cold winter still they're drawing
Loads of wood to keep us warm.
Through all seasons as they vary,
Heavy is the yoke they wear,
Treat them kindly, ever kindly,
For their lot is hard to bear.

A Street Scene.

"Just see what a crowd we are going to meet,
Why, there is a horse fallen down on the street,
Pray, what is the matter, can any one tell?
There's not e'en a stone where the poor creature fell."
"Overworked and half-starved, so the neighbors all say,
And fed the past month on poor meadow hay,
Not a morsel of grain, no oats, meal or corn,
Covered with bruises and wasted and worn:
Look at his ribs you can count every one,
He is worked every day till daylight is done,
Both forelegs are lamed, a gentleman said,
He is fit only now to be knocked on the head."

North Andover, Mass.

C. F. B.

Free Animals that are Useful, Harmless, or Beautiful.

We are all fond of keeping pet animals at home; would it not also be a delight to have little friends of our own in every wood and field? And would it not be a pleasant change, when rambling about in the country, to find the birds and squirrels pleased to see us, and willing to let us go close up to them and watch all their curious ways; to see the birds weaving their nests, and teaching their young ones to fly; to sit by the squirrel as he holds his nut in his little paws, and sits up on his hind-legs to nibble it, while he glances round at us with a look of welcome in his bright eyes?

It tells a sad tale against us that birds and all other free and beautiful things fly away from us, and are not glad to see us. Travellers into lands where men have never been tell us that the animals there are more tame than ours, and will often come up without fear to meet the strange, tall, two-legged creature who walks among them for the first time, not dreaming that he can be their enemy. But the first shot among them shows what he is; and wherever man has settled, the wild animals have become wilder.

Mr. Ruskin, who has taught so many of us how best to admire and paint the beautiful things of nature, says:—"My

fondest dream is that I may make some of you English youths like better to look at a bird than to shoot it, and even try to make wild creatures tame instead of tame creatures wild." It is easy enough to make creatures wild. Any boy or savage can throw stones at the birds in the hedge, and the more stupid and brutish he is, the more stones he will throw; but it requires a good deal of sense and patience to make the little creatures feel at home with us without depriving them of their liberty.

You have perhaps heard of Mr. Charles Waterton, who made his park a safe home for the birds. He never let any of them be hurt or disturbed; no dog and no gun were ever allowed there; and so he had a large happy family about him in his trees, and he himself was one of the happiest of men, watching and protecting them all.

Why should not all the free country be a happy home like Mr. Waterton's park? It would seem very dead and dreary if there were no birds in the trees and sky, no butterflies on the flowers, and no little creatures in the grass, or in the ponds, or on the green banks. All these can provide for themselves; they give us no trouble, and only ask to be left in peace in their proper places so long as they do us no harm. If we were to make close acquaintance with them, as Mr. Waterton did, we should be only too glad to let them live rent-free, as happily as they can, each in its own little home.—From "Our Duty to Animals," by Mrs. Charles Bray. (See Editorial page.)

Grapes of Thorns.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours:
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers!

ALICE CARY.

"WHAT'S well begun is half done."

EQUINE CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor "Our Dumb Animals:"

Having unfortunately neglected the acquisition of foreign tongues, I have had time to pick up a few languages not generally studied. Among these is Horse-talk, from which I subjoin a letter dictated by one of my particular friends. Yours respectfully,

ELIZA S. TURNER.

Respected Person:—After living unappreciated until middle life, I have at last found a friend who understands me, and is willing to interpret me to my master and mistress, to whom I wish to give a few ideas. You mustn't suppose horses have no brains, for I can tell you we hear and understand more than you suppose, only we can't express ourselves in a way that suits your comprehension.

IF THEY ONLY KNEW.

For instance, yesterday they took me out to exercise me. I'm such a favorite that they take care to exercise me pretty much of the time; sometimes I almost think they overdo it, but I know they mean well.

However, as I was saying, I trotted easily along, one ear kept well back to listen to the conversation. Says my lady, "I often think that if our horses only knew their own strength, and how completely we are at their mercy, we should have to take to locomotives, velocipedes and wheelbarrows, for the horses would be lost to us forever." Says my master, "It's a blessed thing they don't."

How wild they would have looked, had they known that I understood every word!

BROWN STUDIES.

But they are mistaken; we do know our own strength; we talk it over at nights in the stable, and sometimes, when I am in the field, and no human creature near, I almost make up my mind to revolt from slavery forever. Sometimes, when I see in the distance a man with an ear of corn, I say to myself, "He can't catch me unless I choose, and I don't choose; as for his ear of corn, he won't give me but a nibble, and what are a few grains of corn compared with freedom?"

Again, when I am in harness, and get into a brown study over something, all at once I feel a cut of the whip, which I don't like, for it interrupts me. Now, at such moments I know perfectly well, that if I chose to put forth my strength for two minutes, I could smash everything, and free myself from my bonds. But while I know that I could, I feel as if I couldn't! Now that's a queer thing, isn't it.

BETTER UNDERSTANDING WANTED.

However, that's not my business now; we've talked all that over, and concluded that, on the whole, it is the destiny of horses to be driven by people, and that as long as the people treat us properly, we'll make no fuss about it. But we should like to have a little better understanding as to what proper treatment is; for the fact is, although you are doubtless mostly well-intentioned, some of the things you do are so odd that it's very hard for a sensible horse to comprehend them at all.

For instance, when I take my master out of an afternoon, why does he insult me by speaking to me so rudely, he hurts my feelings continually; if he is slow about getting in, and I paw the ground to hurry him up, it's—"Whoa, now! Ho, Cesar!" shouted as if I were deaf. It jars on my nerves, and is apt to make me start a little, and then again it's—"Ho now, what ye 'bout?" as if I was committing some impropriety, when nothing is further from my thoughts. Then off we go, and as I recover my good humor, I give a little playful shake; it does me good, after standing so long in the stable.

Straightway comes a jerk on the bit that almost makes me sit down, and a "Ho now, keep steady, can't you," just as if he thought if he didn't yell at me, I meant to kick things to pieces! I tell you, nothing riles me like being unjustly accused.

Well, when he has done this a few times, he has spoiled all my pleasure in the journey; then I settle down in a dull sort of way, and get into a brown study, on horses' rights or something, when all at once I am roused by a stinging touch of the whip; then

I jump, and start off pretty fast to escape another sting; then he braces his feet and pulls the lines till my mouth is almost bleeding, and it takes me some seconds to find out what he *does* want.

SPEAK FIRST.

Now if he wanted me to go faster, why didn't he tell me so, politely? When I lived with Dr. McAmble, who raised me, I hardly knew what a whip was; it was only—"Up, Cesar!" and his low clear voice would rouse me from the deepest meditation. Now all I ask of any driver is, to do me the justice to speak first, and if I don't mind that, I deserve the whip.

Similarly, when he wants me to stop, instead of using all his strength to stop me by the mouth, let him say, "Whoa, Cesar," making it sound as if he said—"Stop if you please, Cesar," and he will see how ready I am to mind.

It is known that I am a finely organized creature, and consequently nervous; sometimes, when I am suddenly yelled at, or hauled two or three ways at once, it gives me such a turn that I haven't the slightest knowledge of what I'm about. Then if I begin to back, or, out of pure confusion of mind, stand still, he bawls out—"Oh, stubborn, are ye! I'll soon thrash that out of ye!" Then its ten to one that either from terror, or just indignation, I take to my heels and run.

MY MISTRESS' TREATMENT.

Well, that's my master. Now then here's my mistress. As soon as I hear her footstep the water begins to run from my mouth, for I know it means an apple or a carrot or a lump of sugar or salt. Then while I'm munching she pats my neck, and smooths my nose the right way, and rubs her little soft hand over my eyes till I shut them up, and begin to grow quite stupid with pleasure. Then she gets in and gives the lines a jerk, and says so politely, "Now old fellow!" and then she keeps on jerking; about a dozen times in a minute, jerk goes that iron against my jaws, till, I declare, if it were anybody else, I'd take it in my teeth and run away with her. Now I can't talk, but if some of you ladies or gentlemen would only tell her, that all she has to do is to say, "There's a good fellow," and I'll trot till I drop; or if I *should* happen to be meditating, touch me with the whip—that's legitimate, and I'm not the horse to complain of it; but I can't bear this continual nagging jerk, jerk, jerk at my jaws.

CHECK REINS FOR MEN.

Now here's another thing; I have heard that you two-legged creatures have succeeded in imitating us so far as to run races on a course. I dare say you do it very well, considering, but how do you begin? In the first place, you dress accordingly don't you? Leaving every muscle of your body free to move as it will. But suppose, just before you started, I should come and fasten an iron rod across the small of your back, and then with a leather strap tie back your head to the rod behind. You wouldn't like that in running, would you? Well, how would you like it if you had to drag three or four people up hill, with your head hooked back to that rod to keep you from taking an ungraceful position? And what use is it? If a horse has any spirit, and owns a neck that curves easily, he will curve it, if not all the bearing reins in the country would only make him look stiff. Anybody can see it isn't the real thing.

FINALLY.

I will only add in conclusion that horses have rights, as well as people, and feelings as well as people, and that if you want to know how to get the best out of me that is in me, just consider how you ought to manage one of your own children, and you won't go very far astray in managing me.

Yours, faithfully,

CESAR.

A WELL-KNOWN young lady of Northampton won a fine cow from her grandfather and a gold watch from her father the other afternoon by dressing herself in her best and leading the bovine from grandpa's house to that of her parents—a distance of half a mile or so.

Stable and Farm.

Against Washing Sheep.

The following letter is from an extensive raiser of sheep:—

"I have 425 sheep; shall commence shearing May 22d.

"I shall shear without washing; every farmer ought to do the same, because it is injurious both to the wool and the sheep to wash them, and no benefit to the manufacturer. He has to go through the same process of cleansing in both cases. I know by experience that unwashed fleece wool will not shrink more than one-fifth more than washed on the sheeps' backs. I have kept sheep for fifty years, and can truly say that no animal on earth dreads the water so much as a sheep. I have made up my mind never to wash any more if I lose ten cents a pound. This washing business is all a humbug, and ought to be discarded by every honest and honorable man who has any feeling for the brute creation. We cannot wash in our cold waters so as to shear till June and July. Then we cut from one-half to one inch of new wool off, leaving the sheep to be burned in the hot sun till fall before the wool grows half an inch in length. Shear early, and the new wool will grow half an inch before the hot sun comes on. I have seen the sheep which were sheared early with as long wool in June as those sheared late had on in November. Only think of the difference in keeping and wintering those sheep, besides the difference in the quality and amount.

LYMAN BALCOM.

PAINTED POST, N. Y.

Check-Reins and Blinders.

Although much has been said and much written about cruelty to animals, and perhaps something has been done to prevent it, still there remains one species of cruelty to that noble animal, the horse, yet in use, which should be corrected, and which seems to be more peculiar to New England, and even to Boston, than to any other part of the country or the world just now. This cruelty or absolute torture consists in the use of the check or bearing rein, and especially with cart or dray horses. In most of our drays or carts of different kinds the necks of the horses are so drawn in that the poor animals are straining and worrying all day for relief, for the check-rein is kept taut even when the teams are idle, waiting employment. In addition to this check-rein, to keep the head up and draw it in, there is in many instances a martingale made very tight to draw the head down, and thus keep the head of the poor animal in one position the whole day.

Besides the cruelty of this tormenting contrivance, it injures the beauty and grace of a fine animal and deprives him of the power of putting his whole force with ease to his work in dragging heavy loads, and in most of the instances where our heavily laden carts and drays are stuck, the horses would drag them out with ease if they were given the free use of their necks and chests.

We lose a little sometimes of our being ahead of the Old World in many things, especially here in New England; but with a little more attention to what is going on elsewhere, with the true spirit of learning what we can from others, we should find that the rest of the world is not so ignorant as we suppose, and especially as to the best and most humane mode of treating horses.

As the check-rein, this instrument of torture and cause of injury to horses, is in little use elsewhere, it is to be hoped that the abuse of it, at least, if not the use of it, will be given up here.

If the blinders or blinkers were to go out of use, it would be a still further improvement. It would prevent the horse being so easily startled, as well as add greatly to the beauty of his appearance. Blinders are not used on horses when ridden, why should they be when driven? They can as well be broken to be used in one case without them as in the other.—*Boston Courier*.

THE keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

OHIO MOVES.

[From the "Toledo Blade," May 31.]

At a meeting held last evening at the office of E. H. Fitch, for the purpose of organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, Mr. C. C. Miller was appointed chairman and E. H. Fitch, secretary.

Mr. A. T. Stebbins, Rev. F. E. Abbot, E. H. Fitch, Rev. Henry M. Bacon, Col. L. T. Lyttle and John Kaufmann were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, after which the meeting adjourned to meet Monday, June 5th, at the same place, to perfect the organization.

[From the "Toledo Blade," June 6th.]

We are glad to learn that the effort to organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was entirely successful. At the adjourned meeting last evening a constitution was adopted, and officers elected as follows:—

President, A. T. Stebbins; Vice-Presidents, Col. L. T. Lyttle, John P. Jones, Edward Bissell, Dr. W. W. Jones, Rev. F. E. Abbot; Secretary, Ralph H. Waggoner; Treasurer, John Kaufmann; Executive Committee, F. J. Cole, M. O. Waggoner, Edward Knapp.

The meeting was very judicious in selecting officers for the society, and from our knowledge of the gentlemen named, we are confident the organization will not only prove useful, but will be effective in correcting many of the evils which suggested its formation. The president, Mr. A. T. Stebbins, will devote the necessary time to give efficiency to the society, and those acquainted with him will not doubt that he will promptly, and with firmness and judgment, discharge the responsible duties imposed by his office, and in all his efforts he will be heartily seconded by his associate officers.

The following is the constitution adopted by the association:—

ART. 1. The object of this association is to see that the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals is enforced, and it shall be called and known by the name of the "Toledo Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

ART. 2. The officers of the association shall consist of a President, five Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, Secretary and Executive Committee of three.

ART. 3. Officers of the association shall be elected annually on the first Monday in June, and all officers so elected shall hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

ART. 4. Meetings of the association may be called by the president, and in the absence of the president by either of the vice-presidents; and seven members shall constitute a quorum to do business.

ART. 5. The members of the association may be assessed pro rata for expenses incurred, not to exceed in any one year the sum of one dollar.

ART. 6. All persons signing this constitution shall become members of this association.

ART. 7. This constitution may be changed by a two-thirds vote at any meeting.

We published the new Ohio law in our May paper. We think that it will be found that a State society with agencies or branches in every part of the State would operate better than local societies, as it will secure a uniform policy in the execution of the law, is more economical, and it has other advantages. Maine adopted the "local system," and it has resulted in the formation of but one society (at Bangor), which has a very limited field of operation.

But we hope coöperation will take place among the different societies, if formed, in Ohio, and that each town will be covered by an agent of some one of the organizations.

The Toledo Commercial, in speaking of the statute, says:—

The provisions of this act are comprehensive and definite, reaching nearly every form of abuse of domestic animals so common, especially in cities and on transportation lines, and if efficiently enforced, will do very much toward protecting useful and harmless dumb brutes.

Inasmuch as the objects sought to be protected by this law are chiefly depending for fair usage upon the cupidity or humanity of their owners, and as the fact of ownership is too often considered as warrant-

ing any treatment the owner may bestow, the result is that great delicacy is felt about interference in the matter. Because the brutal owner of a horse, for instance, beats his own property, and bears any pecuniary loss consequent therefrom, he holds, and his neighbors are too ready to concede, that no interference is called for. So common is this view, that it is very rarely that even the public authorities interpose to protect abused animals.

To meet the demand thus found to exist, the legislatures of different States are making more definite provision for the protection of domestic animals, by the enactment of additional laws, and humane citizens are in very many sections forming voluntary organizations, with a view to the enforcement of the same. * * * We are glad to know that such a movement is in progress in Toledo, where the observation of every citizen shows it to be much needed. Not a day passes but cruelty in some form or other is shown among us, and it is time something was done to check the evil. This may be accomplished, not only by the direct means of penal law, but indirectly by the development of a more correct and active public sentiment on the question. In fact, we think the latter the most effective means of the two, though both are indispensable. Public sentiment is sufficient in many cases, but the rigor of law is often necessary, and without that but partial success can be expected. We trust, then, that a goodly number of friends of humanity will be present at the meeting called for this evening, to the end that this most desirable and beneficent enterprise may have a proper inauguration.

OFFICIAL returns show that there are now in Ohio 700,000 horses, 1,500,000 horned cattle, 5,000,000 sheep, 1,700,000 hogs. The value of all this live stock is estimated at not less than \$170,000,000.—*Exchange.*

QUEBEC.

A report has been sent us, in verse, of the proceedings at a meeting of "the ill-treated brutes of Quebec," in which each animal makes known his grievances,—a piteous revelation. With the overcrowded state of our columns we cannot publish so long a report. It was addressed to the Quebec Society, and concludes as follows:—

So the chairman assur'd them he'd make their case known,
And hop'd that redress would be speedily shown,
Then all separated each happy to know,
That mercy was trying to lessen their woe,
That all men of manhood, and feeling and piety,
Were lending their aid to this noble society.

WEST VIRGINIA.—We understand that exhibitions of cock-fights are of frequent occurrence in and near the city. Now, if this be so, and there is any law in West Virginia for the prevention of cruelty to animals, these offenders of law and decency should be brought to justice, and we would advise our police authorities to be on the alert and, if possible, prevent the recurrence of such entertainments in the future. Exhibitions of this kind are relics of barbarism and belong to the dark ages, and are patronized only by the low and vicious; and for the sake of the young and rising generation, whose morals they tend to corrupt, should not be tolerated in a civilized community.—*Parkersburg (W. Va.) Times.*

A NICE PLACE.—The Yarmouth (Mass.) town-house has been closed since the last annual town meeting. On opening it the other day it was found that a squirrel and her five young ones had taken possession of the ballot-box. The mother had made a nice nest among the ballots cast for selectmen and other town officers. The nest and young were removed, but when the town meeting was dissolved, the nest and young squirrels were restored to the possession of the ballot-box, and the town-house locked up.

I HAVE often fancied that the main scheme of the world is to create tenderness in man; and I have a notion that the outer world would change if man were to acquire more of this tenderness.—*"Friends in Council."*

NEW JERSEY LAW.

[Enacted March, 1871.]

AN ACT for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Be it enacted, &c.:

SECT. 1. If any person shall overdrive, overload, torture, torment, deprive of necessary sustenance, or unnecessarily or cruelly beat, or needlessly mutilate or kill, or cause or procure to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, tormented, or deprived of necessary sustenance, or to be unnecessarily or cruelly beaten, or needlessly mutilated or killed, as aforesaid, any living creature, every such offender shall, for every such offence, be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 2. Any person who shall keep or use, or in any way be connected with or interested in the management of, or shall receive money for the admission of any person to any place kept or used for the purpose of fighting or baiting any bull, bear, dog, cock or other creature, and every person who shall witness, encourage, aid or assist therein, or who shall permit or suffer any place to be so kept or used, shall, upon conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 3. Any person who shall impound or confine, or cause to be impounded or confined, in any pound or other place, any creature, shall supply to the same, during such confinement, a sufficient quantity of good and wholesome food, water and bedding, and in default thereof shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor.

SECT. 4. In case any creature shall be at any time impounded or confined as aforesaid, and shall continue to be without necessary food and water for more than twelve successive hours, it shall be lawful for any person, from time to time, as often as it shall be necessary, to enter into and upon any pound, in which any such creature shall be so confined, and to supply it with necessary food, water and bedding so long as it shall remain so confined; such person shall not be liable to any action for such entry, and the reasonable cost of such food, water or bedding may be collected by him of the owner of such creature, and the said creature shall not be exempt from levy and sale upon execution issued upon a judgment therefor.

SECT. 5. If any person shall carry or cause to be carried, in or upon any vehicle or otherwise, any creature in a cruel or inhuman manner, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and whenever he shall be taken into custody therefor by any officer, such officer may take charge of such vehicle and its contents, and deposit the same in some place of custody; and any necessary expenses which may be incurred for taking charge of and keeping and sustaining the same, shall be a lien thereon, to be paid before the same can lawfully be recovered.

Or the said expenses or any part thereof remaining unpaid, may be recovered by the person incurring the same of the owner of said creature, in any action therefor.

SECT. 6. Every person who shall hereafter use any dog or dogs for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw any cart, carriage, truck, barrow or other vehicle, in any city or incorporated village, for business or other purposes, shall forfeit and pay a fine of one dollar for the first offence, and a fine of ten dollars for each subsequent offence.

SECT. 7. If any maimed, sick, infirm or disabled creature shall be abandoned to die by any person in any public place, such person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and it shall be lawful for any justice of the peace, sheriff, or captain or chief of police of the county, or agent of the New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this State, to appoint suitable persons to destroy such creature if unfit for further use.

SECT. 8. Any agent of the New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, upon being designated thereto by the sheriff of any county in this State, may, within such county, make arrests and bring before any court or magistrate thereof having jurisdiction, offenders found violating the provisions of this act; and all fines imposed and collected in any such county under the provisions of this act shall enure to said society, in aid of the benevolent objects for which it was incorporated, which society may sue for and recover the same with costs in an action of debt brought in their corporate name in any court of competent jurisdiction.

[We shall hope soon to hear of the re-establishment of an efficient society in New Jersey to execute this law, and shall be glad to publish a list of its officers.—Ed.]

CATTLE TRAINS.—On opening a Texas cattle train at Gutterburg recently, it was found that in seven of the cars some of the cattle had been gored or trampled to death, and the survivors were in a maddened state from their tortures. Want of rest, food and water for days together on this long and rapid journey reduced them to this condition. Congress and many of the legislatures have passed stringent laws for the protection of the poor dumb travellers, and it is the fault of negligent or corrupt inspectors if such outrages are not put a stop to. But leaving aside considerations of humanity, the public has a right to be protected against the introduction in the markets of meat from dead carcasses or from nearly rabid animals.—*Sentinel of Freedom.*

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